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THE ARCHON

Dummer Academy



January Number

1909

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THE ARCHON

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THE GAME AND THE SCORE.

Continued.

Erich finished the letter and sat staring out into the mist and rain. "So that's the other half of it," he said half aloud. "Glad I wrote when I did," and then to the waiter, "Bring me my bill and a Pennsylvania time card. Think I'll run down and see the old place once more."

So it came to pass that Hardy at Nice received a letter from Erich at about the same date. The letter ran as follows:

Manhattan Hotel.

New York City, March 3d.

Dear Old Chap:

The passing glimpse of you and your parting question in connection with the fact that I was journeying towards the places where "It all began", has brought back to me old days, and the memory of those days is such a bright spot in my roving life that I hate to write this answer to your question,—as I am in duty bound to do.

Up the Great North Road, on a ranch near the Orange River, a party of engineers have been located for some two years, ostensibly cattle raising, but as a matter of fact they have not made much progress in that branch of industry, as you would expect, perhaps, but they have done a good bit of surveying, prospecting, mapping, etc., for a certain great Englishman whose name is connected with great schemes in many parts of South Africa.

We, for I was of the party, had only been located there a few months, when, one evening, there came walking into our compound a stockly little chap who asked if he could spend a night there, as he was trying to locate a friend of his. He gave the name and they called me in to meet—Tot Hinway. Imagine my surprise and delight and the questions I showered on him. It did not occur to me at the time that he did not answer half my questions, and that he seemed quieter than the Tot of old; but his home news was like water to the thirsty. He told me that he had tired of college, and had wandered about in Europe, visiting many an odd cor-

ner, and finally, on a sudden impulse, had come to the Cape and decided to trace me out. For certain reasons, I had cut loose from communication with the outside world, so finding me was not an easy matter; but he had by mere chance stumbled on my location.

On talking matters over with him I found that he was minded to stay awhile with me, and the details were easily arranged, as we were hungry for company and a man short, anyway. Hinway dropped so easily and naturally into our way of living that it soon seemed as though he had always been with us.

As time went on, the signs of impending trouble between England and the Boers increased, and the character of our work changed somewhat. We received orders to be ready at an hour's notice to go in any direction—make rough maps of this or that region; observe the movements of the Boers in the neighborhood, and the like. One of us had to go daily to a point on the river, or elsewhere, the point was constantly changed to avoid suspicion, to meet a messenger to whom our reports, maps, etc., were delivered, and who, in turn, sent back orders. We knew that we were watched and suspected by the Dutchmen, so took great pains to elude them. Tot often went for the mail, as we called it, he had no fear and seemed to enjoy the long, lonesome rides.

On September 6th, Hinway had started before daylight for orders, and was expected back about sundown; so, after supper, I picked up my pony and rode out to meet him. About a mile from the ranch, the plain was bordered by a creek, and beyond it rose a hill or kopie and beyond that, in turn, the land sloped gently down again. The trail led up this steep from the river, winding a little from side to side, in the ascent. From the top of this kopje there was a good view of the surrounding country, and I intended to ride up and wait there for Tot.

I reached the ford, and was on the point of leaving the thick undergrowth that hedged the trail in this river bottom, when, glancing up, I saw the figure of a man, half concealed behind a rock; watching closely, I made out the indistinct forms of two blacks near him. They were not looking towards the river, and in a flash I knew they were waiting for Tot, or for the papers he was bringing. Before I could think what to do, Tot's mare shoved her white nose into sight on the top, and in a second he was in the midst of them. There were at least a dozen of them. One sprang at the horse's head; the mare reared and nearly shook him off. Two more seized the bridle and the rest had Tot off his horse in a thrice. Two held him while the others tore open the little wallet he wore slung about him and begun to examine its contents. Then, quicker than a flash, something happened. Tot slipped from his captors, dived under the horse's neck, snatched a dark object from his saddle-bag, tucked it under his arm and came tearing down the path with a black man at his heels. The men on the hill dared not shoot for fear of killing their man. I was also helpless, and so we stood—mere spectators of that most amazing race. The black ran with the untrammeled ease of an Indian, and so close that his knife was at no time three feet from Tot's back, but do his best, that three feet he could not gain. And Tot's face,—I can see it now,—illumined by a smile as of one who sees before him the goal of his ambitions—"rejoicing as a strong

man to run a race." On he came, head thrown back, hugging to his breast the rawhide bag in which, by chance, he had placed the orders.

As he neared the stream, I ran to meet him, shouting encouragement, when he turned suddenly aside by a sort of cross step, and the black, with a single slash of his knife, plunged forward, unable to stop himself. Tot steadied himself for a second, made a long sweeping pass which sent the black bag to my feet, spun round and collapsed. The black dived into cover like a rabbit, and the group on the hill melted away when they realized that I had a good supply of Mauser cartridges.

The outcry quickly brought the boys and we got Hinway down to camp as gently as we could. The knife had taken him in the lower part of the back, and though the cut was an ugly one it was not a mortal wound. The orders which our neighbors had tried so hard to get and which Tot had saved were short, but to the point: "War in two weeks; run for cover."

The first words Tot said when he opened his eyes and saw me bending over him were, "Was it a touchdown?" Then he lapsed into unconsciousness again. On examining his wound a second time, we found it badly swollen, and one of the boys who had lived all his days in the bush looked at it, shook his head, and said, "Poison, no help for him." I elected to watch that night. For some hours Tot slept, but he woke suddenly and began to talk of home and Edith and college days—and about a football game. It was pitiful to see how his whole life seemed wrapped up in the outcome of that game: "Five minutes more to play. Throw 'em back, Yale, tear 'em up! —three to gain! They can't make it—hold 'em Yale! Yale's ball! Line up here—now make it go!—Change it, give it to me, give it to me, I say! First down—only ten to the line now. Down I say. Get off, Hardy, down, I say!—One more, now, and it's over. Touchdown. Hurt? no, I say, only a little blood, get out of the way, I must kick it." Then he raised himself up in bed and gazed long and earnestly at a spot on the wall. "It's over! Yale wins!" He fell back exhausted and motionless and lay still for some moments. Then he suddenly raised himself again. "Poor old Hardy, poor, old chap! But we could not divide." Then his voice sank to a whisper. "Edith, Edith,"——"All your life long?" "Oh, no, sweet, not from the very beginning?—Not more than the others. I have so longed to tell you, but it wasn't fair to tell."

His voice died to a whisper, and with a smile on his face he—went out.

Yours ever,
HARDY.

CUPID'S AGENTS.

All but one of the Mummy club were lounging lazily around the room, discussing mainly the dance at West Point the night before, when a girl in the corner spoke up and said.

"What is the use of having this club; all we do is to meet once a week and have a spread once a month? What good is it? I know my time is worth more somewhere else than being around here, picking every girl in the school to pieces and eating fudge and cake until I'm sick. I say to break it up at this very meeting."

There was a silence for a moment and then another member said:

"May be it is just as well, but Beth will be here in a little while, and I say to wait for her, before saying anymore about it."

Then she got up, walked over to the window and looked out.

"Here she comes now up under the street lamp."

In a moment in came Beth, out of breath from running up the stairs, for she knew that she was half an hour late and the meeting could not start without her because she was the president. Soon the news was broken to her about disbanding the club but she only smiled and said:

"I suppose it does seem stupid, but I have a new idea. You know John Hart, the fellow Eva goes with; why Gladys Tyler is crazy about him and Jack told me last night that Hart was crazy about her, but they never were acquainted, for you know Gladys and Eva despise each other, and I suppose just from Eva's continually talking against Gladys, he has become interested. I say to make the object of this club "Match Making" and we'll start on Gladys and John Hart."

At this startling statement the girls jumped from their chairs and lounges and shouted all at once:

"But how will we do it?"

"Oh! that is very simple", Beth answered. "At the dance next Saturday, I'll ask John Hart and you ask Glady's friend, Ted Albert, Geny. Gladys can't go to any more dances until after Christmas, since she flunked in the last exam. and since Ted, who is very popular, would be invited anyway, you invite him and keep him out of the way, while I will introduce Hart to Gladys, who will be at the boat-house with Dick Reynolds from Cromwell who comes out here sometimes to see her."

Geny broke in then and said:

"John Hart won't go with you, he'll want to go with Eva."

"Oh! no he wont; I forgot to tell you that Eva's cousin is coming up from Yale to the dance and she has already told John that she could not go with him. So we'll send them invitations, and I'll tell you the rest girls when I see how it's coming out."

This plan did not meet with universal approval and the other girls poutingly said:

"But that is no fun for us. You two are going to have all the fun."

But to this objection, both Beth and Geny said:

"If you want my place you can have it."

As none of them answered Beth said:

"Everyone of you girls will have something to do but all of us can't start. So, unless some of you want to take our places, Geny and I will have to start it."

Thereupon the meeting was adjourned with laughter and joking, and while four of the girls went to their rooms, Beth and Geny sat down on the couch and planned the little trick out carefully. Beth was to take John Hart down toward the boat-house, for Gladys would be there with Dick Reynolds, and Mary Page would have to run down and tell her she was wanted at the office. Then as she came up the path she would meet Beth and John, whereupon Beth would introduce them.

They then called down stairs for Mary Page and soon they had unfolded the whole scheme to her, whereupon they went down to the library.

Friday night Gladys was taking a short cut from the town, as permission to leave the school had not

been granted her, and was coming up the path from the boat-house when she heard the rustle of dresses and fearing it was one of the teachers she ran behind a bush and waited for them to pass, but just as she saw that it was Beth and Geny and was going to come out she heard her name mentioned. They were now sitting down on a bench, so she decided to listen.

"What ever you do Beth don't let her get past without introducing her for she would go to the office and it might make trouble. Tell Mary when you want her to go and then you will know just what to do, for an appointed time would be dangerous as something might happen in the meanwhile."

"I am going to leave them together if I get a good chance, wouldn't you?"

"By all means and if you can, do it anyway."

"You know this will be rather an awkward position for both Gladys and John. Maybe it will be impossible."

Then as they started for the house the last words which came back to Gladys were:

"Well do the best you can, Beth."

As Gladys listened her thoughts had become more and more exultant and now as she turned to her room she muttered to herself:

"Nothing could suit me better, but I must get rid of Dick. I'll write him not to come." Then with a smile flickering across her lips she ended, "I'm willing to do my part."

* * * * * * *

As the first strains of music floated across the campus, Gladys ran down the path to the boat-house, where she sat down to wait for the consummation of her greatest desire, the introduction to John Hart. While she sat there in lonely meditation she kept saying to herself:

"I like John. Yes I love him, but I never knew him and I was always too diffident to meet him. He doesn't know I like him but just the same he'll know tonight if he gives me the chance."

While this happy thought was running riot in her mind, she was suddenly brought to earth by:

"Gladys."

"What."

"Where are you?"

Jumping up and running in the direction of the voice she answered:

"Right here, what do you want?"

"You are wanted in the office at once."

Her heart gave a bound of joy as she started to hurry up the path when Miss Hompkins, the house mistress called from behind and said:

"Why, what are you doing down here? You belong in your room."

"I don't have to stay in my room. I just can't go to the dance and so I thought I would come down here as it is much nicer to listen to the music from here than——Oh! I have to hurry, Miss Hompkins."

And she ran off up the path while Miss Hompkins called frantically to her, but with no answer.

She finally ran face to face with Beth and John Hart and Beth without any hesitation introduced them. Then from the head of the path, Mary Page called for Beth. She excused herself for a moment leaving Gladys and John together.

Gladys out of breath stammered out:

"Come over to this bench quickly. Miss Hompkins is coming up the path after me."

And then they hurried over through the shrubs to a bench hidden behind a large bay bush.

He tentatively begun the conversation:

"Why aren't you at the dance this evening, Miss Tyler."

"Oh! since I flunked in my last exam. they have stopped my going to any more dances until after Christmas. I don't care for I prefer to sit under bay bushes with er-er-."

She stopped in confusion and the color heightened in her cheeks.

They heard someone walking up the path and knowing it was Miss Hompkins, Gladys moved up closer to him and laid her hand on his half bent arm. John took the hand, and held it, with his eyes intently fixed on her he said:

"You are very beautiful."

The words slipped out.

Her overpowering beauty struck his heart and like an instrument that is touched and answers to the touch, he spoke.

Gladys made an effort to trifle with his terrible directness, but her lips were checked. She turned away from him, her heart a little mutinous. Praise so passionately spoken. Praise from him her heart could not refuse.

After he could get his voice once more he said:

"You are not angry with me?"

"With you dearest," cried Gladys.

Passionately he drew her hand nearer his throbbing heart and whispered faintly:

"Gladys, do you love me?"

A fainter "yes" responded.

H. Holden.

A MISSIONARY AT MANOAS.

Setting sail from New York on one of the steamers of the Booth Line plying between New York and the Amazon Valley, one would stop for two or three days at Para at the head of the king of rivers.

Anchor is again hoisted and the journey continued up to Manoas, at the junction of the Rio Grande and Amazon rivers. Sailing up the Rio Grande about twelve miles the heart of the city and the terminus of the route is reached.

This city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, at the time of writing, indicated in every way that foreign energy was lacking. Here in this city was the centre of the great rubber districts of Brazil and the point from which all up river steamers start for long journeys.

At the time Manoas was inhabited by Brazilians, who, for the most part were descendents of the early Portuguese colonists, the native Indian, the African slaves (for there was no color line in that far off district.)

Outside this city on the brow of a hill overlooking it, stands a church of the Protestant faith, the only mission for miles around. It was founded in 1888 on the New year day. As I know the founder very well, I will tell a little of the hard times and experiences he passed through.

Landing in Manoas, he attempted to found a Protestant church; No one knew him and he knew but little of the language and customs of the people. Being moreover, almost an outcast he had no lodging nor any means with which to procure one. Soon however, a room was found, costing more money than he had. In the room were two boxes about three feet long and one and a half feet wide, one chair, two books, and a lamp, hoping to pay for the room by work, he took it thankfully.

The first church service was a small and queer one, for it was attended only by two men who probably came out of curiosity. One of

them was rather astonished at the height of the founder, who is a tall man of about six feet, two, and asked if all Americans were as high as he. In his turn he asked them if they liked the Bible. One of them replied "What kind of an animal is it, does it walk or fly?"

On another occasion an old lady, when asked if she liked the Gospel, replied, "Father, I don't know, for I have never eaten it." Such was the ignorance of the Sacred Book among these people whom he was to teach.

After many hardships and trials by perseverance, he succeeded in establishing a Mission, which is founded on a fine basis, and which has an ordained Indian Evangelist. The workers are all natives except for a few Portuguese.

Besides founding the Mission, he made trips into the interior. On one of these occasions an old Indian pushed his sleeve up as far as possible to learn if he was white all over, for he had never seen a white man before.

Besides the religious work a day school was also started with about forty pupils, children from the ages of three to sixteen came to him, unkempt and almost nude at times. Touched by their poverty he learned to run a sewing machine and with the aid of friends in North America he was able to clothe numbers of them in calicoes and other light materials.

Everything did not run smoothly all this while. At one time in fact, the church was mobbed and the organ destroyed. The bell was stolen and a few shots fired killing two of the poor workmen and wounding a third.

About this time my friend, the missionary, returned to America to solicit the interest of North American people in his project. A year later he returned, stronger in hopes and laden down with all necessary things and even some luxuries. The Beverly people donated a new bell to take the place of the old one which was stolen.

Luckily times have changed greatly since he first landed. The population has increased from twelve to forty-five thousand inhabitants. Portuguese is the principal language spoken, though Spanish and Indian tongues are not at all uncommon.

Rubber, bananas, the castanka, and coffee and cocoa are exported. Many foreigners have come, a number of English speaking people have settled there, so that a service in English is held each Sunday. Fever is of course epidemic, but owing to the more sanitary conditions it is less fatal than formerly. The climate is divided into two seasons, the hot and dry season and the hot and wet season. The mercury rarely falls below 80 degrees F. A belt line of cars run around the city. The streets are lighted by electricity and acetyline gas. Large stores and business houses line the streets. A beautiful theatre overlooks the harbor. A pleasant boulevard goes through the city while there are many gardens and parks about. In the suburbs of the city is a tangle of forests, filled with chattering monkeys.

The country is fast growing up and many enterprising men are going there to earn their living. The rapid progress made thus far shows how wonderfully a forest jungle can be transformed by human energy into a seat of commerce and civilization. So effectually have men worked that here at least can never be a "Letting In of the Jungle."

E. A. Carver.

A COON HUNT IN THE OZARKS.

The April days had been misty, but the air had changed in such a way as to make one feel that spring was surely near. Once in a while the sun would peep through the clouds and give one a chance to see some of the natural beauty of the Ozarks. The jagged rocks stood forth with their almost human dignity and the trees were just beginning to show their buds. It was a sight that very few artists have ever had a chance to see.

Looking up the ragged mountain path one could see a small figure with a dog trotting by his side. The boy was going over to Uncle Dan's to spend a week and help herd the sheep. Jim's heart bounded with joy when he was told he could go to see Uncle Dan, because the old fellow was very kind to him. Aunt Mary prided herself on her ability to make pies and cakes and other things delicious to the taste of a growing boy.

The dog too, was a welcome guest on account of his ability to help herd the sheep. Jim had rescued Jack from a man who was going to drown him when he was only a small puppy. The two had grown up together as inseparable companions and expected to remain so until one of them died.

Jim stopped at a creek to get a drink and to rest his tired body after walking nine miles. He still had six more miles to go before he reached Uncle Dan's. At last he reached there very tired but whistling as merrily as he did when he first started out on his journey. When the boy reached the house Uncle Dan was just coming out of the barn with two milkpails.

Jim waved to him from the gate and when he reached the barn the whole family had poured out of the house to meet him. Aunt Mary told him he was just in time for supper, so Jim went into the kitchen and sat down to the table between Jake and Henry, who were his cousins. The meal tasted delicious to him after not having had anything to eat since breakfast.

Jake proposed that they should go coon hunting that night, to which Henry and Jim readily consented. At about eight o'clock they started with a lantern and the dogs. The boys carried muzzle loading rifles, but were able to do the business with them as well as other people could with a Winchester.

They had not gone far when they heard one of the dogs barking up a tree. The moon was shining brightly and the boys could see a large coon looking down defiantly at the dog. Jim who was the first to have his rifle to his shoulder, fired. The coon came to the ground with a thud but had not been there a second when all the dogs were upon him. Jake pulled the dogs off and held it up by the tail. "I reckon you got a whopper, Jim", he said. They got three more coons that night and were back at the house by twelve. They all slept together at their own request, but sleep did not come very well that night because they were so joyful at the prospect of a fine time. Uncle Dan came in and told them he would spank every one of them if they did not go to sleep, but he went off chuckling and thinking of the good times he had when he was a boy.

R. Holden.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION IN "1775".

Just one year after the battle and capture of Quebec, George the III, ascended the throne of England. This change was to effect profoundly the fortunes of the American colonies, for the new king was of narrow, mental range and plebian tastes. Although moral, sincere and stout-hearted, he assumed the crown with the one inflexible purpose of ruling personally and he was dogged enough to get control and have his own way for the next dozen years. The breach between England and the colonies may be traced in a very large measure to his impracticable and inconsistent plans, which proceeded from his own narrow mindedness as well as from his incapable counsellors and whom he chose unadvised by anyone else.

The revolution can not, however, be wholly accounted for by any series of events merely. It must be remembered that three thousand miles of ocean rolled between England and the colonies. From the first there existed in a considerable measure the idea of colonial self-government, which was an inevitable idea; and this, by fostering the spirit of independence, created a demand for more and more freedom.

Furthermore, there no longer existed the social ties that bound the Pilgrims to the mother country. The new generations of people that were springing up knew no home but America. The colonies were no longer infants, they had began to feel the stirrings of an independent national life; the boundless possibilities of the future on this new continent, with its immense territory and untold wealth, were beginning to dawn upon them.

England and George the III did not see all this; they looked upon the colonies as trading corporations rather than as political bodies. They took it for granted that a colony was inferior to the mother country and was to be managed in the interests of the commercial classes at home. "Every man in England," said Franklin, "seems to jostle himself into the throne with the king and talks about *our* subjects in America."

Conflict, therefore, apart from all consideration of the personality of the sovereign was inevitably fated, on account of the sturdy, freedom-loving character of the colonists, and their political traditions and ideals, as well as by reason of their peculiarly favorable geographical position.

Beryl Howard Childs, '09.

A FOX HUNT.

On the morning of the 28th of December, the clangor of the alarm clock awakened me from an exciting dream in which I was standing behind an old stump or nag, awaiting the coming of a fine, red fox, which, in my vision I saw trotting along the ridge directly toward me.

The ringing of the alarm spoiled my dream. At once I jumped out of bed and ran to the window, and was overjoyed at the sight of a fine tracking snow of two or three inches deep. I hurried to the telephone and rang for my friend John, who most always accompanies me fox hunting. After ringing two or three times I was successful in awakening him, and when he answered I told him to go and look out of the window. Of course that was all it was necessary to say, as John understood there was to be a fox hunt.

(Continued on page 16.)



THE ARCHON

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VOL. III. New Series. No. 3.
JANUARY, 1909.

The resignation of Mr. Nelson Rich from the board of editors has been accepted.

The ARCHON is deeply humiliated at being made a partner in an attempt to appropriate a story belonging to the Melrose High School Life. The story entitled "The Old House" was submitted to the Archon as entirely original and was accepted as such.

It is a well known fact that no school can develop winning teams in any branch of athletics, unless everyone will work earnestly for success, whether in basket-ball, foot-ball, or any other sport.

Work does not necessarily mean that everyone should try for the team. No matter whether one has played before or not, it is never to late to learn. For instance, suppose you are not physically able to take part in a certain branch of athletics, do not think that you can not be of service to the school or team; you can. It is not always the spirit of the team which develops a winning team, but the spirit and support given the players during games and in practice, by their fellow schoolmates.

A losing team, given proper encouragement and support, very often develops into a most successful team. On the other hand given no support or encouragement, only hard knocks when ever they lose, and a few sarcastic remarks in praise whenever they win, the players lose interest, and the team gradually goes from bad to worse.

Dummer has a fast basketball team. But the lack of support given the players is a great discouragement to them. This should not be; let every one come out and work with the team, in practice as well as in games. Let a cheering section be formed, nothing inspires the players to do their best as does a good rousing cheer by their schoolmates.

In behalf of the team we ask the students to come out and cheer with a vim, and help Dummer to have the fastest and strongest basketball team in its history.

A hundred years ago this month, was born the man who above all others stands for American literature in the minds of most Europeans. In France particularly, Edgar Allan Poe, short story writer and poet, is in effect the only American writer to whom has been given a place among the immortals. When we remember however, that on the continent Byron is regarded as the master poet of the nineteenth century, we who have been born into the English tongue, despite our admiration for both Byron and Poe, cannot praise the judgment of French and German critics. Although we do not rank Poe among our greatest men of letters, nevertheless he is deservedly accorded high place by critics as well as by the reading public.

For that Poe actually has a reading public, were futile to deny. Still less should we wish to deprecate the interest of his tales of horror, or the melodious rhythm of his verse. True genius, however, either prose or poetry we and most of his countrymen are inclined to refuse him. The English as opposed to the French theory of genius in literature asserts that permanent value of style must be combined with permanently valuable substance. On account of Poe's deficiency in this last named quality we hesitate to call him a man of genius.

Form is the supreme achievement of Poe. His tales are masterpieces of story writing; every art of telling a story is called into requisition in his varied tales; every device of arousing interest and suspense is used to the limit of its possibilities. At a first reading we are held spell bound by his consummate tecnique. Yet when we ask ourselves "What have we read," we answer "Sparkling bubbles, skilfully, yea masterfully blown, but like all bubbles, stuffed with air, oftentimes not of the purest."

The art as mere art is admirable, but even here, Poe is not to our mind eligible to the society of absolute greatness. His art is obvious; the last refinement of artistry, the power of self-concealment is lacking. He seems to be saying all the while, "Mark you! am I not clever? Did you ever remark a finer effect than this? See how I keep you in a horror of suspense. O, I am a clever dog."

In poetry, too, Form holds the front of the stage. Considered as a rhythmical collocation of words, Poe's verse is wonderfully musical. The sense on the other hand where sense there is, frequently revolts us and always strikes us as curiously insincere. We cannot really feel sorry that Annabel Lee took cold and pined away: we have actually wished "Psyche my love" had remained in the

"lavas that restlessly roll,
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole";

Yes we have been brutal enough to cry out, remembering the line in Lenore.

"Peccavimus; but rave not thus!"

Real morbidity is barely tolerable; but when a morbid pose is consciously assumed and unremittingly thrust in our innocent faces, we demur.

Should we read Poe? Unquestionably; but let us recognize that the qualities which made him thrilling to read, are not the qualities of which the greatest are made. The ebullition of a spirit whirling with an overdose of stimulants, may attract admiration, but cannot win reverence.

A FOX HUNT

(Continued from page 13.)

While my wife was preparing the morning meal I went to my gun case and took down my Marlin shot gun which is my favorite for fox. After wiping the grease from the barrel and carefully oiling the working parts. I slipped five shells into the magazine. Now I was ready for my breakfast, which was ready for me.

In a few minutes a familiar knock on the door was answered by a hasty "come in," whereupon our friend John appeared in the doorway, holding in his hands a trim little Remington.

His first words were "Docky, she is a dandy, three inches on the level and not the sign of a drift. We ought to be able to hunt down that sly old fellow that led us such a merry chase the other day." Since it was then broad daylight, we shouldered our guns and started for the hunting grounds.

In this part of the state the land is almost entirely divided into sections, with enclosing roads or with cross roads every mile, east and west, north and south. The people build on the road, leaving the centre part of the section quite away from any house. In some of the fields grown up with patches of weeds, we are fairly sure of "flushing" the game.

On this particular day we had in view a stubble filled high and rolling on the outer edge, with a swale grown up with high grass through the center. On two or three previous occasions we had jumped fox here and felt pretty sure of jumping one this morning.

As this particular field was only about a mile from home, we were soon there. John going to the northeast corner and I to the southwest, we proceeded facing each other until we met near the center of the field. As neither of us had seen any signs of foxes we started to an adjoining field on the north, separating as we went, until when we climbed over the fence into the next field we were some two hundred yards apart. John's shrill whistle attracted my attention. As I looked toward him he motioned for me to come that way. About half way to where he was standing I noticed where two foxes had come in from the north, and turned to the west down the fence, it was these tracks that John had seen.

After some little difference of opinion as to what time the tracks were made, we started on the trail which led us through the next section and several others. As we followed we came to the other tracks, intermingling with the ones we were following. We always make it a rule to follow the trail we first start on if possible. This time it was not so very difficult, since these two were together.

You will readily imagine how tired we felt after following this trail or pair of trails for eight or ten miles, only to find ourselves in sight of home. We had about con-

cluded to give it up and go home, but as the trail continued in an almost homeward direction we followed almost mechanically on. Entering a stubble field with a side hill we were dragging along tired and hungry. John, who was a little in advance, suddenly stopped and stood on his tiptoes with gun ready to fire. "They're gone, I smelt them," said he, turning to me. We followed the trail on to the side hill and found where they had been laying. They had made their beds in the snow, which had melted down to the grass.

No, we were not tired then, we had been a few seconds before. We drew straws to see who should follow the track first. I got the short one and waited for John to cut across to an old hedge row which we thought a likely place for the foxes to pass. When he was almost there, I started again following the trail which led across a corn-field, and there along a small ravine which ran through a pasture into a field covered with high stubble.

Coming to the fence I waited a few minutes for the foxes to get over their surprise and possibly go to sleep. Presently, I proceeded as quietly as possible, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides.

The trail led in an almost straight line to a small hill near the center of the field. On nearing the hill I saw one of the foxes rise up and look directly away from me. I stopped and could hear someone talking. Standing on tiptoes I could see two men loading fodder on a wagon in an adjoining field. It was these men the fox was watching. By keeping behind the little hill I was able to move up to within forty or fifty yards of Mr. Fox. I fired and Mr. Fox fell over. Presently I saw the other fox start about a hundred yards farther on. Going straight to the hedge row which meant destruction to him. Pretty soon I saw a puff of smoke and fox No. 2 was killed.

HAROLD HANSON.



We all agree that the Senior class ties worn by Robson and Whitlock are the latest noise.

Alas! Leap Year is over and we have at least four years of peace.

We take great pleasure in welcoming into our midst, as fellow students, Messrs. S. C. Luke, C. S. Halstead, Francis Casey and Theo H. Auerbach.

The slipping floor at Haverhill made the basketball team look like a bunch of rag dolls. Cheer up fellows, revenge is sweet.

We are all very much pleased to hear that Marr has decided to become a school teacher. We wish him success.

Bob! Suddenly became a man??? Not yet, but soon.

Auerbach, the pool shark. "Say fellows, how many will you spot me?"

Halstead to Rich.—"There is Lillian Russell, she is growing older and older every day."

Casey.—"Don't you say a word."

Preston, the auctioneer.

Father Stilwell is a grand father for Blair.

Who hit Dave in the nose?

Rich's beautiful playing in the Haverhill game resulted in a day's sickness.

One or two of the most promising candidates for the basketball team, seem to have lost interest in their work. Don't be so easily discouraged fellows.

Cowles is noted for his generosity.

Preston—Please close the window Bob, this room is stifling.

We wonder why Mr. Allen and Mr. Hawkins go to Newburyport so often.

The Dummer Indian Chiefs:
Afraid of Water Preston.
Bad Man Rich.
Baby Halsted.
Chatter-box Blair.
Heap-Devilish Marr.
Jumbo Robson.

What fellow in school has a name in the nominative plural?
Arones—Third declension.

Mr Cunningham—Are you supposed to take that medicine before lunch?
Preston—Yes, but I have taken it after, before.

Certain rumors being afloat, We, after the most painstaking and systematic investigation, have discovered the existence of a new flirtation between Young Bob and a lady in Brown, who was present at the last dance.

Persons knowing particulars of the case will be admitted to the next pie-eating contest upon the payment of two dollars.

Wanted—A Doctor Stilwell.

E. Rogers, trying to conceal a laugh.—Mm-m-m-m—
Mr. Hawkins—"Say Rogers, why don't you laugh."

Mayor Humphries is still experimenting on his new violin.

Whitlock doesn't know whether he wants to join the bachelor's club or not.

President Marr of the Bachelor's Club has resigned on account of family duties.

Auerbach's national hymn—Hey, any of you'se fellows got any eats?

Why is our editor-in-chief so anxious to go to Beverly?

We notice that the "Black Hand" Society has been busy lately and that Auerbach and Halsted are the latest candidates. We hope they make good.

One of the West Newbury fellows asked after our Indian. Who is he?

Wanted to know.—Who broke the kitchen window?

Why does Auerbach like to be sick?
Will some interested person please write to the paper and explain why Rich visits the Conservatory of Music, so much?

H. H. has lost all ambition of becoming a champion of the Manly art of self-defence.

Bob—We, the friends of Caldwell do hereby beg and request you not to hurt him, as we greatly fear for his safety, and we ask you to realize the need of him on the B. B. Team.



BASKETBALL

Dummer 92. Perley Free School 8.

On Thursday, December 10, 1908, Dummer opened its basketball season by defeating Perley Free 92 to 8 on the home floor.

The playing of the home team was beautiful, their passings and shootings being of high quality.

Captain Caldwell was in old time form throwing 13 baskets from the field, Stilwell a new man, threw an even dozen, while Carver and Robson, two more of last year's team each tossed in ten.

Perley Free played a hard game, but never had a show. McDougell played best for them.

Although the game was very one sided it was very interesting and pleasing to the large crowd of rooters present.

SUMMARY.

Dummer.

Stilwell, lf	rg McCarthy
Carver, Rich, rf	lg Buck
Caldwel, c	c Gurley
Robson, lg	rf McDougell
Whitlock, Hanson, rg	lf Jones

Goals from field. Caldwell 13, Stilwell, 12 Carver, 10, Robson, 10, Rich, 1, McDougell, 3. Goals from fouls, Gurley, 2. Referee, Hawkins, D. A. Umpire Senior. Timer, Allen, D. A. Scorer, Childs, D. A. Time of halves, 15 and 20 minute periods.

Dummer 20. Allen School 23.

On Saturday, December 12th, Dummer journeyed to West Newton, and were defeated by the Allen School, 23 to 20, in a fast and interesting game.

Although defeated the team played a beautiful game and deserve great praise for their work.

The floor was covered with rosin, which had a great deal to do with our defeat.

One point about the game was very noticeable. There seems to be no one who can shoot goals from the foul line, out of nine attempts but two were successful. This weakness should be overcome at once.

Carver made one or two very pretty shots from the centre of the floor, but aside from this, we can only say that every Dummer man did his best, and the team should have won. For Allen the playing of M. King was notable.

SUMMARY.

Dummer.

Carver, rf	lg Wood
Stilwell, lf	rg Gorman, Buel
Caldwell, c	c Perkins
Robson, lg	rf B. King
Whitlock, rg	lf M. King

Goals from floor, Carver 2, Stilwell, 2. Caldwell 3. Robson 2. B. King 2. M. King 8. Perkins 1. Goals from fouls, Stilwell 2. B. King 1.

Referee, Phipps, A. S. Umpire, Hawkins, D. A. Time Keeper, Mason. Scorer, Childs, D. A. Malony, A. S. Time of halves, 15 and 20 minute periods.

Dummer 9. Haverhill High 45.

On January 13th, Dummer met defeat at the hands of the Haverhill High School in the Bradford Town hall.

The hall which is used for dancing was naturally very slippery, so slippery in fact, that our team could hardly keep on their feet. The Ha-

verhill players however, being furnished with suction soled shoes had little difficulty in playing all around their opponents, who were helpless and who offered a great deal of amusement to the spectators, in their efforts to stop from sliding.

Robson was injured in the second half and was forced to retire, Childs taking his place. For Dummer, Carver, Caldwell and Stilwell, played best, as did Vaughn, Young and Brickett for Haverhill.

SUMMARY.

Dummer.	Haverhill.
Carver, rf	lb Wood
Stilwell, lf	rb Gorman, Buel
Caldwell, c	c Brickett
Whitlock, rg	lf Young
Robson, Childs, lg	rf Vaughn

Goals from floor, Carver 2. Caldwell, Stilwell, Young 6. Vaughn 7. Brickett 4. Wood 2. Gorman 3.
Goals from fouls, Carver, Young. Referee, Dugdale, H. H. S. Umpire, Hawkins, D. A. Timer Childs, D. A. Scorer, Graves, H. H. S. Time of halves, 15 and 20 minute periods.

Dummer 30. Perley Free 6.

On January 20th, Dummer was scheduled to play Amesbury High, but at the last minute Amesbury cancelled. However, Manager Childs arranged to have a game with Perley Free in order not to disappoint the crowd expected.

This was not an end to our troubles. Perley Free arrived two men short. Nevertheless, with the help of Ryan of Newburyport and Hanson of D. A. a team of five men was made up.

The game was ragged and uninteresting. The Dummer team was way off of its game. Robson and Stilwell being the only ones who could locate the basket, the former scoring eight times and the latter five.

SUMMARY.

Dummer.	Perley Free.
Carver, Caldwell, rf	lg Hanson
Stilwell, lf	rg Ryan
Caldwell, Robson, c.	c Gurley
Whitlock, rg	lf Rieley
Robson, Childs, lg	rf McDougell

Goals from field, Robson 8. Stilwell, 5. Carver, Caldwell, McDougell, Hanson. Goals from fouls, McDougell 2. Referee, Hawkins, D. A. Noyes, Georgetown. Timer, Allen, D. A. Scorer, Childs. Time

Dummer 22. West Newbury 6.

of halves, 15 and 20 minute periods.

In the evening of January 23rd, Dummer journeyed out to West Newbury town hall and played the local high school team. There were many disadvantageous conditions, the small floor space and poor lights, especially, but the Dummer boys had no great difficulty in winning. The game, however, was pluckily fought out to the very end, by West Newbury, but they were clearly outclassed. Hanson, who was tried for the first time in a regular game, held his position of forward, very well. Mr. Douglas of the Institute of Technology refereed the game in most excellent fashion.

SUMMARY.

Dummer.	
Hanson, rf	lg Sullivan
Stilwell, lf	rg Burnham
Caldwell, c	c Richards
Whitlock, rg	lf Noyes
Robson, lg	rf Adams

Goals from field, Hanson, 2. Stilwell 3. Caldwell 3. Robson 2. Whitlock, Adams, Noyes. Goals from fouls, Richards, 2. Referee, Douglas. Timer Tucker. Scorer, Chase and Childs. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minute periods.



We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Philomath, Framingham, Mass., The Observer, Manning High School, Ipswich, Mass.; The Wesleyan Argus; The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School; Yale Alumni Weekly; The Aegis, Beverly High School; The Minute Man, Concord School; Drury Academe; The Middlebury Campus; The Maine Campus; The Helios, Grand Rapids High School; The Item, Dorchester High School; The Boston Latin School Register; The Tattler; The School Life, Melrose High; The Milton Orange and Blue; the Garnet and White; The Crimson Tattler, Allen School, and The Academy Graduate.

The Philomath is a very interesting paper. We trust it will appear regularly.

"The Observer" is a new paper. We recommend the advertisements be placed on separate pages, not scattered throughout the paper.

The Aegis, Beverly High School, is a very neat and interesting paper. It contains some very good jokes.

The Minute Man, Concord School, is a very good paper, we recommend more short stories.

"The Drury Academe", is one of our best exchanges for January.

"The Helios", Grand Rapids High School, is an extremely interesting paper. We can find no criticisms.

"The Item", Dorchester High School, is one of our old friends. We heartily condole the students on the loss of two of their teachers.



HAYCOCK, ROWLEY MARSHES

SOCIAL

On Saturday, January 16, 1909, Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Ingham gave a dance and reception in the gymnasium, to the school, and a number of their friends.

Without doubt the dance was one of the most brilliant of the present school year. The ballroom was very artistically decorated by the faculty. Music was furnished by an orchestra from Newburyport.

A most enjoyable evening was spent by all, during which a program of sixteen dances were danced and refreshments served.

Among those present were:— Mrs. and Miss Adams, Mrs. Ambrose, Mrs. Besse, Mrs. and Miss Burnham, Misses Caldwell, Miss Chase, Mrs. and Miss Fernald, Mrs. and Miss Gould, Miss Grant, Mrs. Houghton, Miss Houstan, Miss Ingalls, Miss Kimball, Mrs. and Miss Lovett, Miss Morse, Miss Rogers, Miss Tenney, Mrs. Trask, Miss Eliot, Hyde Park, Miss Kent, Beverly, Miss Lane, Wakefield; Messrs. Auerbach, Allen, Besse, Blair, Casey, Caldwell, Childs, Cunningham, Gifford, Halsted, Hawkins, Holden, Houghton, Luk, Marr, Preston, Ray, Rich, Robson, Trask, Whitlock and Gardner of Boston.



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